THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE ROBBER.

An interesting narrative, from the pen of a celebrated English writer.

(In continuation.)

WHEN he was gone, Mr. Sedley revolved in his mind all that had passed in this conversation; and he found that the latter part of it left a painful impression. For his *own* safety he could not fear but he feared for Allen's. A mad passion had once armed Theodore against the life of a fellow creature who had never injured or offended him; and revenge for repeated insults, as he felt them to be,—revenge, a powerful passion also, might urge him to murder Allen; especially as he, himself excepted, was the only evidence of his crime.

But then again, how inconsistent were these fears with the conviction which he was continually expressing of Theodore's talents, and the excellence of his heart! and, angry with himself he resolved to dismiss his suspicions for ever.

A short time after, he was invited to spend a day or two at the house of a friend in the country, but one who was not able to receive his servant as well as himself: he was therefore obliged to leave Theodore behind him; and in spite of his reasons he was afraid of leaving him and Allen together. However, he struggled with this foolish fear, as he called it, and set off for his friend's house. But the painful images which he could rive away at home, haunted him continually during his visit. He continually saw in his dreams, Allen struggling with Theodore; and unable to endure the terrors which poisoned his satisfaction in the society of his friends, he returned home.

The first person whom he met was his housekeeper, with a look of consternation.

" What is the matter? what has happened?" cried Mr. Sedley.

" Allen has disappeared," was her answer; and Mr. Sedley sunk half fainting into his chair.

" Disappeared! When, how, where?" faultered out Mr. Sedley.

" Two days ago. He had seemed uncomfortable for a day or two before, and he seemed so unwell, that Mr. Theodore insisted on going with him to his room, and sitting with him after he was in bed: and he was the last person who saw him."

" Indeed!" cried Mr. Sedley, shudder. ing.

" Yes—Oh, he was so kind! The next morning, Allen's breakfast being ready, I tapped at his door; but nobody answered, though I knocked again and again. At last I begged Mr. Theodore to go into his room.—He did; but he was gone, and his clothes were gone too. Nor, though Theodore went in search of him immediately, have we heard of him from that time to this."

" Dreadful! horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Sedley, wringing his hands.

" Dear, sir! what, do you think he has made away with himself, that you take on thus? If so, he would not have taken his clothes with him."

" Leave me!" cried Mr. Sedley; where is Theodore?"

Out, sir."

" When he returns send him to me.

My forebodings were but too just, then!" cried Mr. Sedley, " and he has murdered him! and his blood is on my conscience!" He then paced the room in agony; and while he did so, Theodore entered. Mr. Sedley at sight of him started, shuddered, and hid his face with his hands.

Theodore but two well understood what this action meant—the reception was just what he expected; and with folded arms, and pale as death, he stood silent before Mr. Sedley. But he vainly expected Mr. Sedley to speak; he knew not how to word the terrible accusation which he whished to utter; and there was a dignity of manner, and a certain expression in Theodore's countenance, which gave a direct denial to the charge. While he continued to pause. Theodore said, in the tone of resigned despair.

" You have not kept your word with me, sir—you promised never to suspect me again; and at this moment I see that you look on me as poor Allen's murderer."

"I do: and after what had passed, after the last conversation which we had together, who would not suspect you?"

"I may be wrong, but I think no one *ought* to suspect me; for the very circumstances which you mention are strong arguments in my favour. Had I wished to destroy the poor man in question, should I have ventured to do it, knowing, as I must do, that your suspicions would naturally at first light upon me? The moment I found Allen was gone, I knew my fate."

"Your fate!" replied Mr. Sedley: "what do you mean by that? I will do nothing rashly; I will advertise this unhappy young man, I will make strict search for him: and not till all search and inquiry are vain, will I——"

"What?"

"Consider how I am to act. In the mean while, let me hear your story."

"*My story* is soon told," answered Theodore with a sarcastic smile. "Soon after your departure, I observed a change in Allen's appearance: he became pale and low-spirited, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. This excited my compassion; I knew but too well what it was to have a load on the spirits, and I felt for him. Still, for some time, I did not obtrude my suspicions of his uneasiness upon Allen himself. At length, however, I could not help taking notice of his visible anxiety; but, rather rudely, he repulsed the expressions of my sympathy, and the offer of my services. But, the evening preceding his disappearance, he seemed so wretched and so agitated, that I insisted on accompanying him to his room, and on remaining with him during part of the night. I did so: but in vain did I endeavour to obtain his confidence; and his behaviour to me was an odd altercation of insult, and gratitude for my attention. At three in the morning I left him, and apparently more composed, and disposed for sleep.—At eight in the morning he was gone."

This story certainly bore evident marks of truth; and had the relater of it been any other than Theodore, Mr. Sedley would not have doubted its correctness. But suspicion does not reason, it only feels; and Mr. Sedley had for some time past expected that Theodore would revenge himself on Allen, for his continual allusions to his crime, and also for being an evidence of that crime.

"Well, all this may be very true," said Mr. Sedley, after a pause.

"May be very true!" cried Theodore, trembling with agitation; "by the great God who created me, I swear that I have uttered the truth, and nothing but the truth!"

"Leave me," replied Mr. Sedley; "I want to be alone."

Theodore obeyed; but, as he left the room, he turned his eyes on Mr. Sedley with a look of such humble reproach, and such deep woe, that he wished from the bottom of his soul that he could assure him he no longer suspected him.

In a short time Mr. Sedley had laid his plan of action; an advertisement was put in all the papers, and active search begun in the neighbourhood; nay, the ponds in the garden were dragged: but all these methods proved fruitless; weeks elapsed, and no Allen was seen or heard of.

During all this time, Theodore never left the house, though Mr. Sedley was in hopes that he would make his escape. But so far from seeming to wish to effect it, he appeared resolved to be forthcoming whenever he should be called for; and he was continually hinting to Mr. Sedley, that, if he had it in contemplation to take him up on suspicion, he should make it a point of conscience to be in readiness.

But the idea of proceeding thus, agonized every feeling of Mr. Sedley; still, he feared it was his duty to do so. To others, indeed, Allen's disappearance seemed nothing unusual; and the idea of his being murdered, did not enter the imagination of any one but himself: but it was natural enough that *he* should imagine it. Yet, notwithstanding the suggestions of his conscience, when Theodore, on all enquiry for Allen having proved fruitless, demanded to know his fate from Mr. Sedley, the latter declared that it might perhaps be his duty to take him into custody on suspicion, but that his feelings would not let him do it; he must therefore leave him, if he was guilty, to the vengeance of heaven, and the stings of his own upbraiding conscience.

Theodore made no reply to this speech, he only grasped Mr. Sedley's hand with a sort of convulsive pressure; then, faintly articulating, "God bless you!" he rushed out of the room.

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

The art of pleasing consists in being what we ought to be; in having the air and appearance which is suitable to us, and to our condition, in speaking the language of the heart; for the true means of avoiding ridicule, is to avoid all undue pretensions. The art of disfiguring ourselves by foreign and superfluous ornaments, may surprise and arrest the attention for a moment, but never can it produce a durable sentiment. It is by the heart that hearts are gained. Females think not of pleasing merely, but endeavour to render themselves truly amiable. You will infallibly please when you have the heart in your favour.

A woman ought to use her beauty like her wit: she ought not to appear to know that she possesses either the one or the other.

He has the stamp of a great soul who hides his deepest grief from the friend whom he might trust even with the communication of vices.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON FLATTERY.

I'll strip thee of thy borrowed plumes; undress
And shew thee in thy native ugliness.

ANON.

AMONG the many ridiculous characters which infest society, none is more common, or perhaps more disgusting than the flatterer. He is a being whose chief object in life is to ingratiate himself into universal favour by palliating the faults, and heightning the good actions of all with whom he may chance to associate. He is one who is ever tasking his ingenuity, to invent some flattering tale by which he may gratify the feelings of human weakness. To answer this sinister view, he is ever pouring in our ears the poisonous draught of flattery; and in doing this, he seldom hesitates to make truth (that most amiable of virtues) subservient to his unmanly purposes.—Presuming, particularly, on the weakness of our sex, he often dares, with an unblushing front, to make use of this contemptible art to flatter our persons, or to gain our affections. In pursuing this mode of conduct, he, however seldom fails to injure himself—for, instead of conciliating by these means, our favour and esteem, he excites our just indignation and contempt.

Any man to become a flatterer, must, in my opinion, possess a weak mind and a bad heart. In the first place we may justly accuse the soundness of his judgment in his thinking it always possible for him to please by duplicity and falshood; secondly, the goodness of his heart, in his wishing to render any one ridiculous or contemptible, by inducing them to make to the world an ostentatious display of their showy but useless acquirments. The flatterer has not in his composition any sparks of a noble and generous disposition. His thoughts he ever conceals under the garb of passive acquiesence. His judgment he dare not exercise, so great is his fear of giving offence. His opinions are the mere echoes of others, having a soul too mean and grovelling ever to soar to the regions of independence. Thus does the flatterer in his own conduct sink the dignity of man. And thus, by assiduously practising these vile arts, does he lose that voluntary respect which the world always pays to an honest and upright soul.

No one perhaps has ever been as instrumental in promoting this mischief as the hypocritical Chesterfield. In his letters to his son, he lays it down as a maxim, that no female, however destitute of sense or beauty she may be, or however highly gifted with these qualities, but what is pleased with flattery. He little knew that there was a spirit existing in the female breast which always rises up indignant at such weak and contemptible artifices made use of by the boasted lords of the creation to cultivate an undeserved affection.—He was so little acquainted with our natures, as to suppose that few of us possessed penetration and discernment sufficient to pull aside the thin and specious veil which ever envelopes the brow of the designing flatterer. Had lord Chesterfield been more intimately acquainted with the female heart, he never would have made this bold and unfounded assertion. He then would have known that the greater proportion of our sex are lovers of truth and candour, and enemies to duplicity and falshood—that we regard the fawning flatterer as an unprincipled being, neither capable of friendship or love—and, that the man of a generous and open soul, is always sure to meet with our esteem and admiration.

PORTIA.

FEMALE CONVERSATION.

No complaint is more common among young men who pretend to be learned, than that general female conversation is very insipid, because it principally turns upon weather, walking, fashions, visits, and other chitchat. The charge is very ridiculous. Trifles compose the frequent business of human life. "Little things are great to little man." Politicians and statesmen may alter laws and constitutions; but the inferior arrangements of human life, the common incidents of domestic economy, the ten thousand things of a pleasant day spent in fashionable society, are important and immutable.—The gentleman who can agreeably talk on all these minute actions and evanescent circumstances, is more enviable than the scholar who discourses about books and algebra. The former has silver and current money, with which he may buy oranges, nuts, and playthings for his boys and girls; the other has mines of gold in barren places, which nobody wants or cares for. *Anthology.*

ON MODESTY.

MODESTY, in a young female, is the flower of a tender shrub, which is the promise of excellent fruits. To destroy it, is to destroy the germ of a thousand virtues, to betray the hope of society, to commit an outrage against nature. The air of the world is a burning breath that every day blasts this precious flower.—Delightful modesty! supreme pleasure of love! what charms does a woman lose at the moment she renounces thee! How careful, if she knew thy power, would she be to preserve thee; if not from motives of virtue, at least from those of coquetry! Females, let your first ornament be modesty: great are its advantages—it increases beauty, and is a veil for deformity.

MEN carry their minds as they do their watches, perfectly ignorant of the mechanism of their movements, and quite content with understanding the little interior circle of things to which their passions, like indexes, are pointing.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

FROM SEGUR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

Women are, if I may use the expression, another soul of our being, which, though enveloped in a separate covering, accords most uniformly with all our sentiments, which they inspire; with all our desires, which they excite and participate; and with all our weaknesses, which they can commiserate, without yielding to their influence. If man be unhappy he requires of his soul, an energy to enable him to support the load of physical sufferings, and of moral evils, still more dificult to sustain. But as this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he resort to his other soul, he then feels how much the woman deserves his admiration; these women who approach him in enchanting forms, and administer an unexpected balm to his sorrows? and who make him sensible in every particle of his being, that, although they appear distinct from himself, yet they are himself nevertheless. He observes these sweet participaters of his joys and his sorrows unceasingly near him, who make him anticipate consolation, even before it is offered; whom he assents to at once, without waiting for the arguments of persuasion, and who appear an asylum against all misfortune. But, because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow, that the fair sex are to be born to slavery or submission? that they are to be dependent on our passions and caprices? awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government, and the prejudices of men? Here adored as divinities; there esteemed as companions and equals; and again we may see them condemned to servitude and contempt. Yet, under all these different circumstances, we see them still retaining their characteristic distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented under the pressure of distress and humiliation. And which of our qualities do they not possess? One, alone, Anacreon says, has been denied them; and that is prudence. But, as they are every where led themselves, and never, unless by a temporary usurpation, are able to assume the lead of others, they have less inducement to the exercise of foresight than the men. Their extreme sensibility, too, pleads their apology in this respect. Alive as they are to every impression that can excite their feelings, their situation is little calculated for the calm exertion of foresight; but, being too apt to yield themselves up to the suggestions of the moment, they not unfrequently pass their lives in alternate action and repentance. Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers with regard to the fair sex: some have considered them as equal in every respect to the other sex; while others have condemned them to perpetual frivolities. And no doubt examples might be quoted, both in support and refutation of both these modes of judgment; yet I must observe, that the number of those who have written in their praise is much greater than that of their calumniators. Some have denied them any share of political talents; yet how much address and intelligence have they not evinced in important intrigues, and even in negociations? How many treaties, and unhoped-for alliances, have they conducted, of which the men received the honor, but the merit of which belonged to the women! How many great actions, and great resolutions, have been accomplished and suggested by them! What admirable enthusiasm have they not been able to excite, to lead on heroes to the brilliant exploits which they themselves were incapable of executing; and when they could only console themselves for standing idle spectators, by the flattering right of binding the laurels on the temples of the brave!

If the men can boast of more prudence, the women have less egotism; and so entirely do they devote themselves to others, that they have at length given reasons to believe, that nature ordained the sacrifice; and hence all our laws oppress them, and of them are all privations required. Among no people, even the most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up a sacrifice on the tombs of their wives, as the women have been on the funeral piles of their husbands. And the history of men affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim of love, such as Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

Ever disposed to commiserate our distressess, to participate in our joys, and to offer us every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us; and if slighted or neglected in our prosperity, yet ready to return at our call, if fresh misfortunes oppress us—Such are the generality of women. In this view, how can we chuse, but love them? In other respects, how can we cease to pity them? Withheld from the pursuits of any occupation, scarcely allowed to regulate the concerns of their own family, bringing us wealth which they never command, and presenting us with children who are not committed to their power; such is their condition. Yet it cannot be denied, that if the one seems to be endowed with peculiar qualities, not possessed by the other, we cannot deny the other advantages equally to be valued; that where corporeal strength is wanting, they possess qualities to make up the deficiency; that in moments of transient equality, they have evinced an ability equal to ours: and that, with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own.

(To be Continued.)

TRUST him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

CROSS PURPOSES:

A DIALOGUE.

I HAVE to inform you, that I was married since I saw you.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for my wife proved an arrant shrew.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for she brought me a fortune.

So much the better.

Not so much the better, for with the money I bought a great number of sheep, which died of the rot.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for I sold the wool, and with the produce I built a house.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for my house was burned.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for my wife was in it.

HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE,

From the Memoirs of

CHARLES LEE LEWIS.

It is very aptly remarked by Dr. Johnson, that, notwithstanding the numbers who daily depart from the theatre of life "*nobody is missed:*" to no profession does this observation appear more analogous than to that of a player. One tragedian dies and another steps into his buskins: Mr. Suet drops, but Lord Duberly lives, and occasions as great a roar of laughter as ever. In short, our own experience is sufficient to convince us, that, in the profession of a player particularly, "*nobody is missed.*"—

Linnet, while at Hammersmith with his company, expressed a desire to play at Chelsea, but he was informed it was under the controul of a very inflexible magistrate, particularly averse to giving any encouragement to plays or any other amusement.

However, notwithstanding this alarming and seeming insurmountable difficulty, Linnet met with a friend, a gentleman, who wrote a warm recommendatory letter for him to the obdurate magistrate, and gave him assurance of his meeting with success.

Much elated with this encouragement Linnet boldly pushed to the Justice's house, directing his whole company to proceed to Chelsea, and order a dinner at the Swan, and regale themselves. This mandate was cheerfully complied with, and the eventful letter was delivered according to direction. But what was the purport of this letter! Instead of that which should secure a welcome and support, it was one that menaced the reader with a sudden scene of horror.—'Tis proper to explain.

Then thus it was:—The comedy of *The Bold Stroke for a Wife*, had been played a few nights before, and old Linnet, resolving on this occasion to make a grand appearance, had put on the stage waistcoat he had worn in the *Colonel*, in one of the pockets of which, was a letter, supposed to be sent by the *Colonel's* friend to *Obadiah Prim*, on hearing that the real *Simon Pure* was actually come, which, if not timely prevented, must ruin the *Colonel's* design upon the cautious quaker. Judge of the magistrate's surprise on opening the supposed letter of recommendation, when he found it began thus:

"*There is a design formed to rob the house, and cut your throat.*"——The justice rang his bell—a servant appeared—"Where is the man that brought this letter?" "In the hall. Sir," "Call him up directly." While the servant was employed in going to fetch up the unconscious culprit, Old Quorum read on—

"*The gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more;*"—here old Linnet made his appearance—"Well friend," says the justice, "you be one to the *gang:* how many are there of you?" "We are fourteen in all, Sir." "Fourteen! and where are you all?" "At Tool's, Sir, at the Swan." "Indeed! Oh, very well, you have all your tools at the Swan, have you? I'll take care of you and your tools presently." "Many thanks, Sir; Squire ********** told me you would encourage us." "Aye, was it he sent you to my house?" "Yes, Sir."—"Well, and when do you intend to begin this grand affair?"—"We always begin about seven o'clock, Sir."—"You do! here Thomas, here, seize immediately this d—d hardened, old villain; he and his whole gang are coming to rob and murder my family this night, and all their horrid tools are at the Swan public house!"—I did not think this of you," says the servant to Linnet. "What, do you know the fellow, Sirrah?"—"Yes, Sir, he is the master of the play. "A player! and are you not an open and an avowed murderer?" "O Lord, Sir! what do you mean?" "Look at this letter, you hang dog! did not you deliver this to me!"——Who can describe the innocent Linnet's astonishment, upon the discovery of the mistake! "Oh, dear Sir, I beg your pardon, here is Squire **********'s letter; I hope this will satisfy you." "Hold him till I see what's here."——On the perusal of the real letter, his worship's countenance was changed from a savage ferocity, to a most placid smile. He immediately dismissed the innocent aggressor, with full permission for his performing; at the same time giving him this piece of wholesome advice—never to forget his part again.

From the Emerald.

THE COQUETTE,

A MORAL TALE.—FROM THE FRENCH.

THE whole fortune of Cephesia, at the age of twenty years, was a pretty person and a well cultivated mind. "This is to be *rich*," cries a critic; "with wit and beauty, a young girl never fails to extricate herself with difficulty; with these two treasures may be purchased all the

rest, which are sufficient." True! but it is with these as with all other treasures, every thing depends on management. The truly rich man is not he who possesses the *most*; but he, who knows best how to employ his wealth; a knowledge which neither the miser nor the prodigal possesses. We shall soon see whether Cephesia acquired this invaluable secret.

Hardly had Cephesia appeared in public, when she was surrounded with adorers, but a little information soon dispersed the admiring croud. "Cephesia was portionless, and Cephesia wanted a husband."—In this *iron age* all hearts sigh for money; and in most marriages it is *gold*, and not the woman that is espoused.

Notwithstanding this grand deficiency, a young man of singular amiability, but of shallow understanding, became enamoured of our heroine, and threw his fortune at her feet. But Cephesia discovered his want of wit, and rejected his offer. "What folly," said a woman who knew life, "a good natured, stupid husband, is a precious possession."—Cephesia knew not enough of the world to estimate duly the value of *such* a treasure.

A year after, another lover offered to enlist under her banners. He was not wanting in spirit; indeed Cephesia perceived he had *too much*; and this candidate was also discarded.

Had Cephesia been less blind to her own defects, she would have discovered, that a few freckles had scattered themselves over her complexion and impaired the lustre of her original beauty; but she had a faithless memory, which, taxing the mirror with falsehood, retraced only the image of her first charms. She was then not a little astonished, that five years rolled away without presenting a single lover.

"Became she more wise?"—No; and notwithstanding some warning lines were traced on her forehead in promise of future wrinkles, she still had no doubt of success, when more disinterested eyes should behold her.

All the young men disappeared; and though a husband at last offered himself, it was because he was forty years old, and besides not very difficult. Cephesia refused him—"A husband of forty years, and a wife of six and twenty!" it was murder in her eyes—she could not resolve on such a sacrifice.

Nevertheless, Cephesia counted thirty years, and was still unmarried. Chagrin now took possession of her mind, and the horrors of perpetual celibacy approached. After some further time had elapsed, she esteemed herself happy in espousing an old man, stupid and ugly, who, besides, to increase her ill fortune, took it into his head to live to the age of eighty.

SATURDAY, Nov. 22.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

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Duel of Blackheath.—This duel, which took place on Saturday morning between General Baron Hompesch, and—Richardson, esq. a gentleman residing near Colchester, was mentioned in our paper of yesterday. It appears that it was on Friday about two o'clock, that this unfortunate affair originated in a recontre near Temple-Bar. Mr. Richardson had a lady on each arm, when he was met by the Gen. who unintentionally ran against them, being very near sighted; and accidentally knocked off the hat of Mr. Richardson, who instantly knocked him down. On General Hompesch's regaining his legs, he requested Mr. Richardson to retire with him to an adjoining coffee house, which being agreed to, the parties went to George's Coffee house, in the Strand, where they exchanged cards On Saturday Baron Hompesch sent to George's Coffee house, to enquire concerning the respectability of Mr. Richordson, who appeared to be known there. On being satisfied on that point, it is supposed that General Hompesch sent a challenge to Mr. Richardson, with an appointment to meet him at six o'clock the next morning, on Blackheath.

On Saturday evening, Lady Bolingbroke, sister to the General, it is understood, lodged an information at the Public Office, Bow street, as did also some of Mr. Richardson's friends. The officers upon this occasion, as well as upon every other, were vigilant and attentive to their duty.—Mr. Richardson reached the ground before six o'clock, without being interrupted. Baron Hompesch escaped from town, notwithstanding great pains were taken to prevent him: but he and his friends did not arrive at Blackheath till a full hour after the time appointed for the meeting; the other party were then on the point of leaving the field. The ground being measured, it was agreed to toss up for the first fire, and that Baron Hompesch should be permitted to fight in spectacles. Mr. Richardson, who fired first, wounded the General slightly in the thigh; the General fired and missed. A reconciliation was now proposed by the seconds; but could not be acceded to by Mr. Richardson, in consequence of a demand from General Hompesch to be permitted to lay a cane on his shoulders. The next case of pistols was fired without effect—and after Mr. Richardson had discharged his third pistol, General Hompesch would have agreed to an accommodation upon his original terms, but they not being acceded to, the General fired his *third* pistol, the contents of which passed completely thro' the body of Mr. Richardson, who was taken out of the field almost lifeless.

Mr. Richardson has since been conveyed to London, and lies at the Parliament-street Coffee-house.

Mr. Richardson is a very young man, and has a wife and three children.

Lon. pap.

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By the last advices, Lord Lauderdale was still at Paris, not having accomplished the object of his mission.

Miranda Defeated.

Capt. Foster arrived at Boston in 25 days from Trinidad, informs that three days previous to his sailing, a Mr Taylor, who had embarked in the expedition with *Miranda*, reached that place with the unpleasant intelligence of their defeat in landing at Carraccas He stated that the troops which *Miranda* had collected at Trinadad did not amount to more than 400; that with this additional force he had proceeded on his expedition; but immediately on his landing was attacked and totally defeated; that *Miranda* lost in the engagement the greater part of his troops; and with much difficulty secured his retreat with the wreck of his little army, in one of the small vessels belonging to the squadron; that the *Leander* was also captured, and captain Johnson who commanded her, and most of his officers, were beheaded.

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A new performer has lately made his appearance on the boards of the Boston theatre. A writer in the Emerald *speaks of his performance of Rolla in the following manner:*

"PIZARRO is the most unexceptionable of Kotzebue's productions.—Gilded vice is not there passed off for sterling virtue. Neither is soporific sensibility substituted for manly sentiment. The attention is kept awake through the drama by a lofty style, and the feelings interested by a constant succession of dazzling incidents. This piece was got up for the purpose of introducing Mr. Caulfield in the part of Rolla, and we will venture to assert, that a Boston audience never before saw it so ably filled. For strength and clearness of voice, and graceful attitude, we do not recollect Mr. C's equal. His person was such as exactly suited the part he was to represent, and his conception of the character was without fault. In the address to the Peruvians, and the scene with Pizarro, where he rescues Cora's child, we thought him most conspicuous. The first was as chaste an example of declamation as ever we listened to. and the last we are certain could not be excelled.

COVENT GARDEN.—The play last night was Ben Johnson's excellent comedy of, *Every Man in his Humour;* and Mr. Cooke, after an absence of several weeks, came forward in the character of *Kitely*. As soon as he made his appearance, a murmur of disapprobation at the disappointment of the public lately experienced on his account, issued from different parts of the house; several persons hissed, and others cried "*off! off!*" but a large party strenuously applauded, and supported him. Mr. Cooke, bowing to the audience, and having very soon obtained a hearing, stated—"That since his absence from London, his name had been twice announced to appear in different characters. The first time, he had no notice whatever to play; and as to the second time, he should say nothing whatever on the subject." His address was followed by loud applauses, and this favourite actor was suffered to proceed in his part, which he performed in a most admirable and masterly style. The other characters were very respectably filled.

Theatrical Communication.

On Friday evening was represented, *Kotzebue's* popular Comedy of the *Stranger*. The moral of this piece is somewhat exceptionable—the audience however, as it respected the performance, evinced considerable satisfaction.

Mr. Cooper's personation of the *Stranger* was peculiarly impressive. In the passionate scenes Mr C. afforded us more real gratification than we ever received from any former representation. In the cold and declamatory parts he was less successful.

Mr. Robinson's *Baron Strinfort* is a performance highly creditable to his talents. The improvement which this young man evinces in his profession, is matter of no little astonishment to many who have witnessed his progress from the humblest walks of the drama. He has acquired an easy deportment, and suits well the action to the word. At the close of sentences however, Mr. R. in many instances, suffers his voice to fall too low—persons sitting in the front boxes cannot hear him. He should reform this altogether.

That man must possess much gravity who can refrain from smiling at Twait's representation of *Peter*. It is irresistably pleasing.

.....

The city inspector reports the death of fifty seven persons during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. of consumption 10, convulsions 4, decay 2, debility 3, dropsy 2, fever 3, hives 4, intemperance 2, inflamation of the lungs 4, small pox 2, and of other disorders 21.

"As the eye
Bears witness to the light, or the charm'd ear
To tuneful inulation; so their hearts
Strike unison to the great law of love."

.....

MARRIED,

At the house of Col. Barclay, by the reverend Mr. Wilkins, William Lawson, Esq. of Berbice, to Miss Anna Maria Delancey, daughter of the late Col. Delancey, Governor of Tobago.

By the reverend Dr. Mason, Mr. James Walsh, merchant of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Robertson, daughter of Alexander Robertson, Esq.

On Sunday evening, the 9th inst. by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. William F. Haswell, to Miss Margaret Jacockes, both of this city.

At Hemstead, on Sunday last, by the reverend Seth Hart, Mr. Samuel Whiting, of Albany, to Miss H. B. Kinsley, of the former place.

At Baltimore, John Clark, to Miss Martha Thomas.—At Cambden, John M'Cra, to Mrs. Rebecca Brown.

FASHIONABLE FENDERS.
J. BARHAM,
No. 103, *Maiden Lane,*
HAS just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool an elegant and fashionable assortment of *Japanned and brass Fenders*, and by former arrivals, a handsome assortment of *cocalico and black ground Tea trays, tea urns, plate warmers, plated goods, ivory and other knives and forks, satin wood tea caddies, black-tin dish covers*, and all other articles suitable for housekeeping in the hard ware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or on credit.
A fashionable assortment of *and irons, shovels and tongs, jam hooks, brass-nosed bellows*, and *hearth brushes*, always on hand. Oct. 18

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir, By inserting in the Lady's Miscellany, the following very natural and pathetic tale, you will much oblige a female subscriber.

THE MOTHER'S TALE.

Now Susan has clos'd in the shutters, my dears,
Come, draw round the fire with your stools and
your chairs;
And I'll tell you a story to keep you from sleep,
A story, so sad, it may cause you to weep.

Little Billy was born and was nurs'd at the breast
Which a few months before his sweet sister had
pres'd;
And the same cherry nipple that mother denied
The mouth of her Mary, now Billy's supplied.

A fine rosy boy, he would bask on her lap,
And to play with his sister oft turn from his pap;
Or cling to his mother, in her fond embrace
To hide the sligh looks of his innocent face.

From the breast of his parent, the baby began
To bud into childhood, the blossom of man;
He would roll from her knee, and for falling not
care,
While he ran to catch Mary, by chair and by
chair.

Like two little lambs, down the green hills that
run,
When the morning is woo'd into smiles by the
sun,
So playful and fond of each other they grew,
No pastime had Mary but Billy shar'd too.

While their mother sat sewing, they made her
heart gay,
As they frisk'd round the room like young kit-
tens at play;
Love left them no moment to quarrel or fight,
And if Billy was pleas'd Mary smil'd with de-
light.

In the dark cloudy weather, the rain from the
thatch,
As it fell by the door in their hands they would
catch;
Or into the channel-flood walnut shells throw
To see down the stream which the fastest would
go.

Like two rills united, untroubled by care,
Thus glided the days of this infantine pair;
In summer they bask'd in the sun, and would call
To the window in winter to watch the snow fall.

But oh! to the smiles of the beautiful dawn,
That saw them thus sport on life's flowery lawn,
Succeed the dark clouds full of sorrow that rise,
To make rainy days for his sister's sweet eyes;

Little Billy, as little boys like him oft will,
And little girls, too—was one day taken ill;
So ill, that his anguish was seen in his look,
And the lap of his mother he never forsook.

The shadows of night on their first day of woes,
Now shut in the skies with a deep silent close—
And Mary, undress'd by her mother did sigh,
While she ask'd if her dear brother Billy would
die.

"No! die, my dear! no:" though her heart felt
a thorn,
The mother replied—he'll be better at morn;
"The rest of the night will his vigour restore,
"And to-morrow he's Mary's sweet play-mate
once more."

The morrow soon came—but to sickness a prey,
On the lap of his mother this little boy lay;
And many a sorrowful day he thus past,
Till Time, who had stole him for Death, brought
the last.

The roses all faded, his cheeks were so pale,
Like a snow-drop he seem'd in Death's shadowy
vale;
And Mary, who kiss'd him with innocence bold,
Thought Death must be cruel that made him so
cold.

Her heart with the question oft ready to break,
Wonder'd why he refus'd, when she ask'd him to
speak;
Wonder'd why he lay still, and ne'er open'd his
eyes,
Tho' she said, 'Billy look how my poor mother
cries.'

A coffin and grave, when poor Mary had found,
Was a box made of wood, and a hole in the
ground;
She begg'd that her brother might lie on the bed,
For she knew he would soon wake again from the
dead.

But, O! with a staff, on the funeral day,
A man came and carried the coffin away;
And poor artless Mary wept loud to be told,
That her dear little brother was cover'd with
mould.

The gloom of the grave, when her Billy was gone
So darken'd her pleasures, with playmates she'd
none,
For some were so rude, and some were so cross,
They only reminded her heart of its loss.

In sorrowful mood, by her mother she'd place
Her stool, and look mournfully up in her face,
And ask the sad question, still urg'd by her pain,
If Billy would ne'er come to see them again.

Now learn, my dear children! O learn from this
tale,
When you feel to each other love's fellowship
fail,
To kiss and be friends—for a sickness will come,
And snatch my dear lambs—the ghaunt wolf of
the tomb.

But O, a kind Shepherd, far kinder than I,
Or your father can be, has a fold in the sky:
A fold, at Death's calling, where sorrow and pain
May ne'er come to prey on those sweet lambs
again.

On the flowery meads of affection they rove,
All the little white flocks link'd together in love;
And every good child who from quarrel's refrains,
Departing, shall join them on Paradise plains.

Then learn to be kind—and at school or at play
Let no passion arise, lest it be the last day;
For tho' in the morn you are healthful and red,
Ere the sun has gone down you may lie with
dead.

TRUTH WITHOUT A COMPLIMENT.

Kind *Kitty* kiss'd her husband with these words,
My own sweet *Will*, how dearly do I love thee!
If true, quoth *Will*, the world no such affords:
And that 'tis true, I dare his warrant be;
For ne'er heard I, of woman, good or ill,
But always dearly lov'd *her own sweet Will*.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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